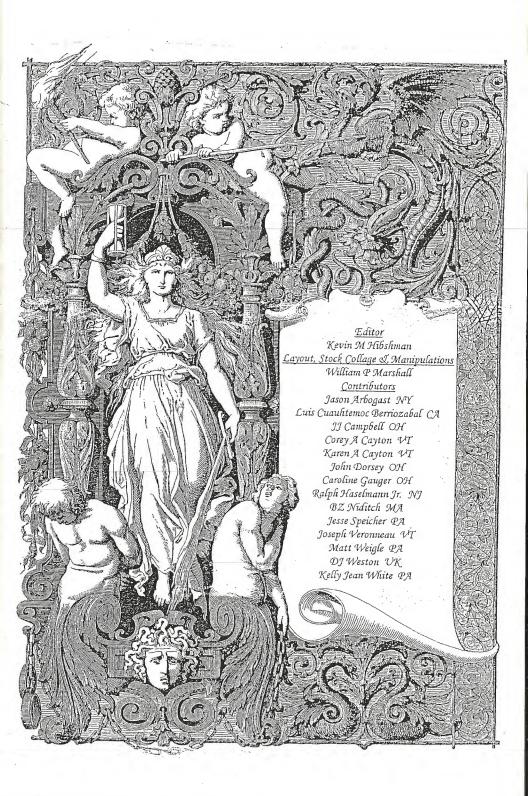


"All men are capable of reason. That is the fundamental principle of democracy. Because everybody's mind is capable of true knowledge, you don't have to have a special authority, or a special revelation telling you that this is the way things should be."

Joseph Campbell - "The Power of Myth"



and then he says something that usually helps. he tells me that i am successful. that i wouldn't be happier if i were richnot fretting over things ido not have. he says people like us down through history have always been laughed at and shut out because we are relevant. We bring about change. We are feared instead of celebrated during our troubled lifetimes but are often remembered as the sacrificial lambs we were.

ithen feel better about being valued by only a few true hearts.

-kevin m. hibshman



akmatovah"
mother russia spawned a few poets
all her own.

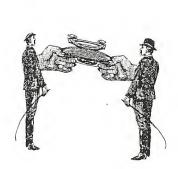
how could she not inspire vision in those made to crawl upon her stoney back? those forced to call her isolation home?

men without imagination go to war.
men with no chance of salvation go door to door
wanting only to kill the living soul in everyone.

i can picture you - wise woman laughing:

you are not beyond my magic."

- kevin m. hibshman



If cars were cotton if cars felt tip orange you could squeeze lemons.
Time starlight believes me
Bells chime at tower'
Log rolls
Eagles skyward reflect Geese on sunny lawns.
Howl with rotten seeds of style for animated Tuesday.
Excel between many blades
For you, my friend, have commonly sung.

Karen A. Cayton



Soon will winter have beset itself amongst the hillside of American folly And war once again shall be upon the tongue of her people.

Corey A. Cayton



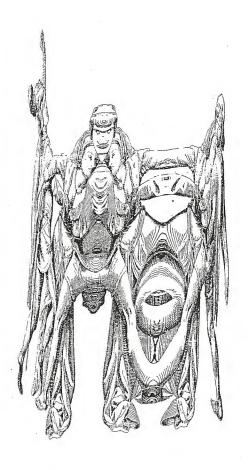
And out pops the night
The American fright
Where once shown the sun
There glistens long slippery puddles
Neon aglow from the ground.

Corey A. Cayton



Is war an excuse to kill?
Is death a excuse to forget?
Remember the green- clad lambs
Sacrificed on the altar of Democracy
Innocent boys, young heroes, power strung society
Murder declared legal in a foreign land
To die under pending freedom
Is it glorious?
Is it a lie?
Was it worth it?
Did darkness fall upon them with a clear conscience?
Sleep well boy...
your country has already forgotten you.

Corey A. Cayton





Death's long, Black Caddy
Doleful Procession
splitting the yellow concentration
Cutting the tar with fear
Two in a row
Going somewhere - Going somewhere
I don't know.

Corey A. Cayton



Would you think I was crazy if I told you I talked to birds? And what if I told you that Jesus Christ did too? Would you think me defensive for bringing the whole "Christ thing" up?
Or maybe picture the guy, a gleem in his eye whistlin' lullabyes in Mid-eastern woods. Have you ever really felt like you exist? Then the rythym of it all against a yellow-orange fall turns tail and blows away. And when the dim hum of the tavern light freezes does it set your mind on fire? Floating on melted rivers of rum and you in your john, expelling the moon for raising the tide.

Corey A. Cayton



Wings of Love

Soaring on the wings of a rainbow Beauty born of a self-induced womb Sent to Earth with a message from Aphrodite Urania Whisper to us your heavenly psalms When comes the day you fall from grace I will pick you up and admire you still.

Corey A. Cayton





secret gems

it's 10:30 in the pm when i smile watching the little bastards that play by the dumpster and i wonder where are their parents at? shouldn't the wind under their heels be sleeping?

& then i think these are the parents as children our ceiling fan turning revolutions that never really seem to get started

children's hands viewed through a cracked window make me chuckle & think about college & how we used to dumpter dive for used volumes of plato saliva forming into shape of a seahorse on my lips as if they were dinosaur bones

or that summer we built altars from tears formed at the mouth of the ben franklin bridge praying to oswald spangler and the salvation army in search of next to nothing

now nothing seems to help except burgundy & breakbeats that swallow the rain like my words

and listening to the trains that skim by my apartment like pebbles in your shoes the only secrets gems i've felt lately

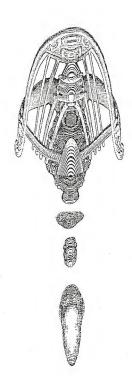
& time is silly when you glance at your watch through a fishtank

& children hold all the marbles you thought you'd lost in shopping malls being embraced by bears in the new frontier

or forming your shaking hands into gospel just by keeping it secret

with your fingers

crossed for their



the woodpeckers

have pecked themselves out committing suicide against southern trees bearing strange fruit

and i'm a sane man
listening to billie holiday
on a cd player it's almost criminal
the tears start flowing

evenly

for this you cry? the current girlfriend her version of crazy easily defined

starts screaming

by merriam webster

mine is slow, uneasy

the bed

hiding under like a dirty magazine i never cry during that's what they

the tearjerkers

would have you believe

John Dorsey

John Dorsey

JJ CAMPBELL

continuing education

my willingness to be part of society as i grow older is diminishing

my family worries about that but i tell them not to

it is simply the wisdom gained from experience

i get a good laugh at all the polls these days saying that the average american thinks this or wants that or supports this cause etc., etc., etc.

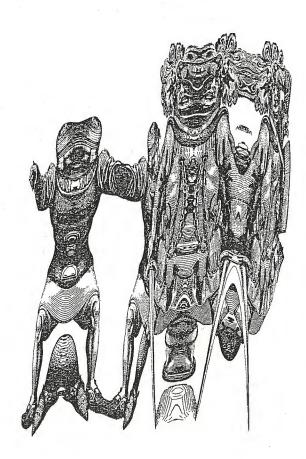
i'm sure my mother takes much pride in knowing that her only son has finally moved past that average american stage of his life

of course, it will have to be seen in a poll for it to be proven so









STANDING STONES

Up there, on the bleak bare shoulder, air stung with a threat of winter and the centuries clung to those cold smooth weathered stones — unvisited mostly, being off the path and miles from Sgurr Fion, the next Munro.

That day of silent drifting cloud, the circled turf told not of ancient ones who scratched the rock and cleared the Caledonian wood with fire and axe; still less of vanished crofts, invasive sheep and men with packs, in waterproofs and boots.

But later on, that night in bed, after the pub, I dreamed I was a shard of flint suffocating in the damp, tea-coloured peat or an excarnated thighbone, flesh picked clean by crows, waiting to be gathered in a jar.

(1 Munro - any Scotlish mountain over 3,000 ft. high.)



Warm zephyr through a cafe window, sunlight on a turquoise sea, white driftwood-scattered sand.

Bread baking, coffee in the early cool, soft pale dawn colours and the sweet decay of yesterday's uncollected garbage.

The flat red rock from which we dove; skin's sun-drenched salty tautness after hours immersed in warm transparency.

Round, dirty-rinded cheese and fat black grapes, half-reading Faulkner, lulled by muffled waves, cicada choirs and lizards' hide-and-seek.

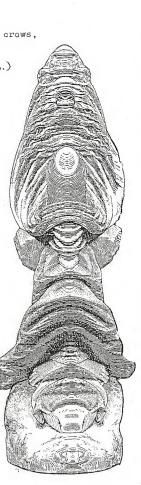
Crowds gathering for the evening ferry, ancient marble drowned beneath the harbour; dying salmon light, retsina nights.

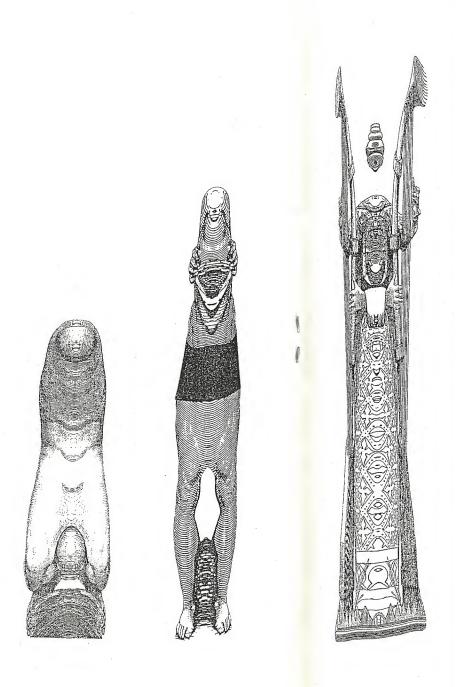
A wet squid wriggling on a hook then bashed against the quay and eaten raw. The lean brown bodies of the squid fishers.

D. J. Weston







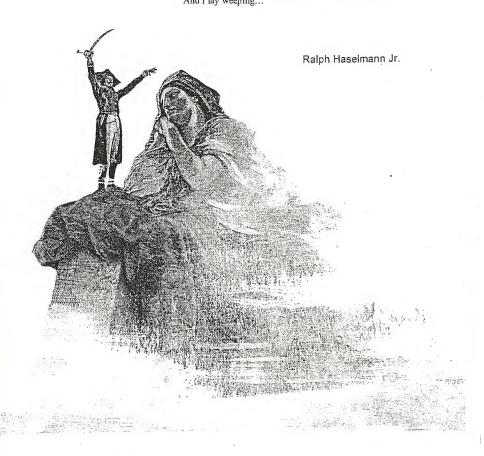


The king's sentence for the offender being one of shunning by all who matter to a king: Men. Maybe lavender threatens us, as men, in some way, the same way that homosexuality threatens many men, and so we feel the need to belittle it, and make it less, at least in our minds. Lavender, the color of many a flower, the color of many a silk scarf, the color of many an over-perfumed soap, scaring us with its audacity of looking so soft. It's got to be hiding something under there. Perhaps under that meek exterior is a heart lavender with rage or desire, having succumbed to the lavender-eyed monsters of greed and envy. Maybe we're right about it, though, and it is just a lavender-bellied coward after all, or a lavendero commie sympathizer, only slightly better than lavender China (better dead than lavender, as the old saying goes). Maybe it's better not to divide the issue into purple and white, there being so many shades of lavender in between. Maybe it's time to end this diatribe, and the smurf flashbacks it is no doubt causing (lavender was the color of the evil smurfs, come to think of it), before the lavender pit of despair makes us lose hope. It's time to cross the lavender divide. bring it in from the cold, so to speak, so it can warm its frosty hands and get some lavender back into its cheeks, help it get on its feet financially and get out of the red and into the lavender.

It's been lavender-listed for far too long.

The Garden State Song For Woody Guthrie

I stepped out onto the stars and the universe
and saw the galaxies and the Milky Way a creeping
I walked out onto this great land of ours, this Garden State,
and saw God smile down on us and I was weeping
I stole through the canyons and mountains and farmlands
and saw the river basins a washing and a seeping
Into the ground of Great Mother Earth
and I walked the miles a weeping
I stood tall among the Pine Barrens and State Parks
and flowerbeds a sleeping
I pulled up the ocean all around me
like a blanket of tears, and I was weeping
I held my lover in my arms, we slept beneath the stars, keeping
the flame of the campfire aglow in our hearts,
And I lay weeping...

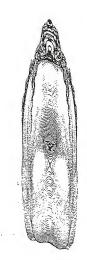




They call in your face every sort of name "waterlogged, shipwrecked back-logged and frog" and you accept it as gospel.
Then you realize you are in hell for listening.

SAN FRANCISCO June, 1969

Mating with
a murdered Napoleon
who insisted
on being called Cookie
when she or he
(I being drunk
on the smell
of dry absinthe)
instructed
a sex manual
by the ex fascist
politician
now appearing
in lavender apparel
wishing for a ballot
of gay democrats.



WEDDING CAKE



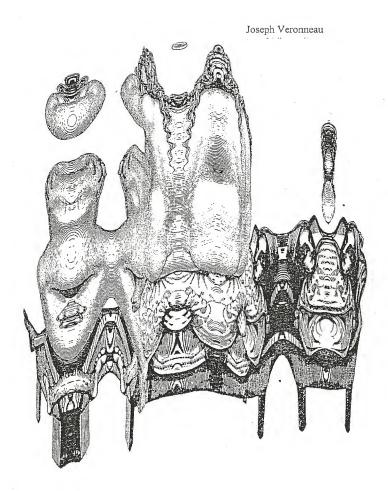
It's after the gala goes on Guy breaks the glass at the wedding suite and two bridesmaids are telling the fortune at the swept-away Fire Island honeymoon...

Sunken curtains, lace from the rolled beef carpet and some cheesecake on the wall it's after the wedding party of all the best men in the world.

B. Z. Niditch

Anyway

I called for you yesterday but your brain didn't answer because you claimed to have nothing to live for but you hung around too long to make that particular excuse while nobody believes you go for groceries when you claim too or have no cigarettes left when you've got damn near a full pack. Why don't you ask your brother if he'd like to come to the gathering 'cause we'd all like to see his face seems how it resembles yours so much it would be like you actually were here anyway.





To the first boy I decided to love

how I loved you: falling
over white hills too fast: we were in
advanced math together: when you broke
you leg I missed you: so: how could I know
you'd get such bad acne: and your best friend
the class clown would grow up so fast: and get so
good-looking: when his big brother: was killed in Vietnam



you said the first week in may was the most beautiful.

I should be grateful that you chose to leave me in springtime. I might see a chance at renewal in blossoms springing from mud. But there is also the ugliness of all that is revealed in melting snow, the forgotten rags, the rusted wires, feces, chicken bones. It was hardest was when you asked me to look at beauty through eyes that no longer worked. And this tongue bulked and balked to numb silence as I saw \you'd taken a garden and gone.





"I'm Surrounded by Blackness"

There's nothing you can do about it. They're girls. And they all write poetry. Every one of them wants to be saved. And so they are. And then they write a poem about it. You know the poem. Because they all open the same way. They've fallen. It's dark. And out of the darkness, there's a hand. They all stare at the ceiling. And then see a face. And then they all have something to talk about. Maybe even a movie. If you haven't been stuck in the conversation I'm sure you've seen the blockbuster. And there's no avoiding it. They're all girls.

Caroline Gauger









Music that Aided the Construction of this Issue:

The Grotto – Kristin Hersh
Throwing Muses – Throwing Muses
Elf:: Golf Bore Waltz XI - Home
Soft Bulletin Companion Disc II – Flaming Lips
Pulse – Front 242

God Don't Make No Junk – The Halo Benders
Black Foliage Animation Music vol. I – The Olivia Tremor Control
Your Arsenal – Morrissey
In the Airplane Over the Sea – Neutral Milk Hotel
Electr-O-Pura – Yo La Tengo
The Dream that Stuff Was Made of – The Starlight Mints
Isn't Anything – My Bloody Valentine



40 methistopheles Milleh

Thank you to all the Fearless friends and contributors.

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